

# Good Riddance, More Depalma, Less Fellini

Here I am drunk at 3 AM  
Got my second bottle down  
I got 12 to 15 pages  
of my desperation  
Cold I feel so poor and old  
And I'm maddened for your flesh  
But my bodys broken down  
In the fading twilight

I will find a way  
Im gonna find a way  
While the fear of wasted years  
Keeps laughing just behind

Alone no one will stay with me  
No an angel of despair  
To watch me as I rot

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And the radio keeps playing  
Down for days I make no sound  
Soon the rats and carrion  
Will rip the flesh away  
From legs and wrists and head

I make promises that I'd never describe  
This sense of waiting out the end  
So pour another glass  
And one more virgin page  
just might get lucky  
And maybe I'll get good  
at 3am  
So here I am